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A

L A Y E

CONCERNING

Y E G R E A T E G O E :

WRITTEN IN THE YEARE OF GRACE MDCCCLV.

BY


A Member of the University.



OXFORD :

Slatter and Rose, Booksellers, High Street ;
W. R. Bowden, Printer and Publisher, Holywell.

A Laye concerning ye Greate Goe.

 DOLPHUS SMALLS, of Boniface,
By the nine Gods he swore
That, as he had been ploughed three
times,
He would be ploughed no more.

II.

By the nine Gods he swore it,
And put on coaches three ;
And many a live-long night he read,
With sported oak and towelled head,
To get him his degree.

III.

Now every Hall and College
Has seen the awful list
Of candidates to pass their Greats
Who Smalls so oft have missed.
Shame on the Undergraduate
Who trembles for a plough,
When even Smalls, of Boniface,
Expects that he'll get through.

IV.

Now towards the Schools the gownsmen
Are pacing one and all,
From many a classic College,
From many an humble Hall,
From many a lonely lodging,
Which, hid in a distant street,
From *Dons* and *Duns* to Oxford's sons
Affords a safe retreat :

V.

From legendary Christ Church,
Where booms the far-famed bell,
Reared by the hand of Wolsey—
But when, I cannot tell :
From classic Quads of Balliol,
Where third-floor men descry
The smoky roofs of Worcester
Fringing the western sky :

VI.

From the proud halls of Brasenose,
Queen of the Isis wave,
Who trains her crew on beef and beer,
Competitors to brave :
From Pembroke, where the class-men
Are few and far between ;
From New Inn Hall, where such a thing
Has never yet been seen.

VII.

And thickly and more thickly
Towards the five-order gates,
In cap and gown, flock through the town
White-chokered candidates.
Slasher, of Christ Church, ne'er before
In academics seen ;
And Nobby, of the collars high,
Girt with the scarf none else may tie ;
Loud trowser'd Boozer, stripes and all,
And whisker'd Tomkins, from the Hall
Of seedy Magdalene.

VIII.

There be four select Examiners
The Classes to decide,
And three by turn and turn about
Are sitting side by side.

Morning and eve the trio
Have turned the papers o'er,
Where gownsmen write in black and white
Such questions as they floor.

IX.

Then Mr. Smalls, of Boniface,
Stood up his fate to meet ;
Well known was he to all the three,
And they bade him take a seat.
Men said that he strange answers made
In his Divinity,
And that strange words were in his prose—
Canine to a degree :

X.

But they called his Viva Voce fair,
And they said his books would do,
And native cheek where facts were weak
Got Smalls in triumph through.

So they gave him the testamur
That was a passman's right,
He was more than three Examiners
Could plough from morn to night.

XI.

And in each Oxford College,
In the dreary April days,
When Undergraduates fresh from hall
Are gathering round the blaze ;
When crusted port is opened,
And the moderator lit,
When the weed glows red in the freshman's
 mouth,
And makes him turn to spit ;

XII.

When goes unlimited are forced
On some unhappy gull,

When victims, doomed to mull their pass,
Unconscious pass the mull,
With chaffing and with laughing
They still the tale renew,
How Smalls, of Boniface, went in,
And actually got through.



